

2-18-1944

Embry-Riddle Fly Paper 1944-02-18

Embry-Riddle School of Aviation

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EMBRY-RIDDLE

Fly Paper "STICK TO IT"

VOL. VII

FEBRUARY 18, 1944

NO. 18



AMONG NEW FLIGHT AND TECHNICAL STUDENTS WHO HAVE ARRIVED AT THE GIRLS' DORMITORY are, left to right: Louise Gibbs of Yazoo, Miss., who began her study of drafting this week; Janne Williams of Lynbrook, N. Y., whose interest is radio; Anne Louise Wittenberg of Rockville Centre, N. Y., also a radio enthusiast; and Madeline Fite of Redlands, Calif., who is taking a flight course at Chapman Field.

NESTLED in the heart of a Spanish dream world is the new Embry-Riddle dormitory for girls at 122 Menores, Coral Gables. The Moorish-Spanish architecture and profusion of tropical plants could have been lifted from some old-world text, and belies the fact that youth fairly bursts within, but one step inside the door changes the picture completely.

Roomy, chintz-sprinkled apartments, well appointed to provide for the needs of moderns, become home to young women from every corner of the country during their stay at Embry-Riddle, a period which is the turning point in their lives. For upon leaving us they will take their places in the business of War, along with fathers, brothers and sweethearts.

Flight training leads to important work with the WASPS; study of radio, aircraft and engines, drafting, instruments and other technical subjects enables girls to relieve men for combat duty. Singleness of purpose and the knowledge that they are preparing themselves for an active part in a great cause builds an unparalleled *esprit de corps*, a fervor for their work, an unvoiced resolution to make the most of every moment, every shred of knowledge that comes their way.

Close association in the dormitory brings about shared social activities, and even many of these are designed to contribute to the War effort. Every Tuesday night is set aside for dancing at the Miami Beach Servicemen's Pier. Holidays see the girls planning dinners and lawn parties for groups of servicemen far from home. Weekends find them hopping the Embry-Riddle Inter-Field bus to attend dances and graduation exercises at Carlstrom and Dorr Fields, AAF primary flight training schools located in Arcadia, and Riddle Field, Clewiston, home of No. 5 British Flying Training School.

Athletics include swimming at the Macfadden-Deauville, tennis on the Tech School courts, and basketball competition once a week with teams from various Embry-Riddle divisions. A spacious lawn back of the dormitory lends itself to sun-bathing when a few moments can be snatched from study.

The gay black and white tiled reception room, pleasantly furnished with easy chairs and divans, suggests a private home. A large dining room and kitchen are at the disposal of students who feel inclined to fix a snack or prepare a dinner.

Continued on Page 5

Letters to the Editor

1514 Capri Street
Coral Gables, Fla.
February 12, 1944

Dear Editor:

During the years that I was the editor of *The Printing Art* and *Printed Salesmanship*, I became acquainted with a great variety of house organs, both external and internal, and I want to send you a word of congratulations for the excellent work which you are doing on the *Fly Paper*.

It is one of the best publications of the kind I have seen for building up and sustaining the morale and the getting-together of the workers in an organization, and I know that it must be carrying out its mission in a big way.

When such a periodical is edited, too, in such a way that it interests outsiders, as yours does, it is also a proof that you are creating a large amount of good will outside of your own personnel.

Good luck to you and to it in the time yet to come.

Very sincerely yours,
Edwin T. Stiger

Editor's Note: Coming from a member of the trade, Mr. Stiger, those nice words are particularly gratifying. Many thanks from all the editors.

Jacksonville Squadron
Civil Air Patrol
Jacksonville, Fla.
February 8, 1944

Dear Editor:

Thanks for the first copy of the *Fly Paper* which I have received. Please send it regularly, and note correct address on attached form.

I enjoyed the February 4 issue so much I can't take time to write with pen in order to get this order in.

Sincerely,
Lt. W. V. Barlow
Adjutant

*Editor's Note: Thanks for the nice note, Lt. Barlow. Your address has been corrected, and the *Fly Paper* will be sent to you regularly.*

3400 Brookline Avenue
Cincinnati 20, Ohio
February 7, 1944

Dear Editor:

Again I am writing to ask you to change my address for the *Fly Paper* from my home in Huntington, W. Va., to the above.

I am attending the University of Cincinnati and hope to get my A.B. degree in Liberal Arts next January.

Each week I eagerly await the coming of the *Fly Paper* because it brings me news of the Tech School and my friends there. It recalls to my mind the pleasant experiences of the several months I was associated with Embry-Riddle.

Give my regards to all those people who may—or may not—remember me.

Sincerely yours,
Pollye Diehl

*Editor's Note: We are publishing your letter, Pollye, so that all your old friends can learn of your whereabouts. George Ireland's office and the Tech Orders you supervised must seem far away and we are glad that the *Fly Paper* is keeping you informed of the School's activities.*

Saginaw, Michigan
February 10, 1944

Dear Editor:

I surely do enjoy your paper. Now, more than ever, I'd like to have it sent to me



ARMAN WILLIAMS, whose cartoons have been enjoyed by *Fly Paper* fans for over a year, has joined the Brazil bound as a member of the engineering staff. He will work with James Lunnon.

regularly as my son, Arman V. Williams, is in São Paulo, Brasil.

I have not heard from him since he left Miami—only through the *Fly Paper*.

If there is any charge I would be glad to remit.

Yours truly,
Albion V. Williams

*Editor's Note: Arman, whose clever cartoons are familiar to our readers, is with the Engineering Division in the Technical School of the Brazilian Air Ministry. He promised to continue sending us cartoons, but so far we haven't received any. There is no charge for the *Fly Paper*, Mr. Williams.*

U. S. Military Academy
Stewart Field
West Point, N. Y.
February 8, 1944

Dear Sir:

I have intended to write to you for a long while but the Army keeps us so busy that our correspondence is limited.

Most of the cadets who were at Dorr are now in advance schools all over the

country and are getting along fine, thanks to their instruction at Dorr Field.

While I was at Courtland, Ala., there were twenty of us picked from the 800 cadets stationed there to have an interview with Col. Smith (our director of training). None of us knew what the interview was for but we later learned that Courtland was to send seven cadets to West Point.

My luck was with me and I was one of the seven chosen. Mr. Nestingen, who was also stationed at Dorr, was one of the seven. We have been here a month and all of us like it very much.

Our day begins at 4:15 and ends at 9:30. During this time we take ground school at the Academy and fly at Stewart field. Our schedule is the same, seven days per week, even down to physical training and drill.

In ground school we take navigation, code, meteorology, naval and aircraft rec., law, math, bombing, engines and several other minor courses. The ground school is very rugged and requires a lot of studying.

The flying is very interesting and I enjoy it a lot. This is the only advance school in the country that teaches both single and twin engine flying. Our first month we flew the AT-6 and the AT-10. Now we are flying the P-40 and the B-25. We get quite a lot of formation flying, ground straffing, bombing missions and navigation flights. At the present time I am in an instrument squadron and it is driving me crazy.

Our graduation date has been set for March 14. At this time we get our wings and commission. Then a ten-day furlough which sounds good to me since I haven't been home for 14 months.

The Class of 44-B graduated this morning and all 75 of them were made Lieutenants. Guess they haven't heard of the flight officer's act up this way. Hope my class will be as fortunate.

My flight instructor is a Lieutenant Colonel from Massachusetts. He is a graduate of West Point, Class of 1938. He certainly can fly—something I hope to be able to do some day.

How are things at Dorr? If you see Lts. Pinion and McLaughlin, please give them my regards. Hope I can get down there for a visit some day.

In closing let me say this—I'm going to be looking for a letter from you real soon. Lots of luck to you, Sir.

Kelvin S. Nicely

Editor's Note: The above was received by Lt. W. D. Gailey, Commandant of Cadets at Dorr Field. While Mr. Nicely was at Dorr Field he was chosen the outstanding Group Commander. Cadet Nestingen, mentioned in letter, was the Wing Adjutant while at Dorr. It has also been authoritatively learned that in addition to A/Cs Nicely and Nestingen, Cadets George Sager, Art Sager, Dick Knight and J. F. Smith of 44-D were recently transferred to Stewart Field.

The personnel of Dorr Field are not only happy to hear of the good fortune of these men but are also very proud of their achievement.

Letters from England

"Shangri-La"
59 Twickenham Rd.
Teddington, Middx.
England

Dear Editor:

Writing from an English small town, Teddington (Tide-end-Town), I offer to you and your colleagues my congratulations concerning the Fly Paper.

I also offer the short poem enclosed in duplicate and trust you will use it because of the comfort I hope it may bring to parents of American flying boys.

Incidentally, I would mention I am the father of the first WREN, i.e., W.R.N.S., to wear a lease-lend wedding gown provided by American ladies.

Yours faithfully,
Arthur Hall

In The Night

To the tune "At Even Ere the Sun had Set"

Accepted by Sir Charles Portal, Air Chief
Marshal, and Dedicated to the
Royal Air Force

*At Even—ere the sun had set
Night bombers from the dromes have met
And speeding on their way afar
Follow the Leader—as a star.*

*No coffee-time on the way out
All are intent—plotting the route,
Gunners "try-out"—a round or two,
Oh! what we owe—our gallant "Few."*

*Captain Pilots searching the night
Receive quick answers "All is right,"
Each at his post—call-overs ring
"Here we come, Boche"—their hearts now
sing.*

*Intent on helping Right prevail
To strike the foe and make him quail
So that he sees Our God is Love,
Watching affairs from up above.*

*Target tonight they soon espy,
Flak and the searchlights they decry,
"Bombdoors are open"—"Bombs are
gone,"
Red fires soon show a good work done.*

*Mannheim—Berlin—Skoda and Krupp,
Chimneys are down and basements up,
All that is seen—one sheet of flame;
This is always—Our Airman's game.*

*Homeward they fly as Dawn light breaks
Home to report the "Works" that shakes
Heart and morale from German foe;
Humble reward is just "Good Show."*

*England Remember!—boys who fly;
Do it; that we not yet shall die,
"Jerusalem"—Land of the Free
Be true to them; flown o'er the sea.*

—Copyright reserved; Arthur Hall,
August, 1943

Editor's Note: We're delighted to publish
your poem, Mr. Hall, and we are sure it

*will be especially interesting to our boys
at No. 5 B.F.T.S. Any future contributions
you care to send will be appreciated.*

F/O Prandle, A. L.
c/o Mrs. J. Fogwill
22 Knokles Ave., Rhyl
Flintshire, England
December 15, 1943

Dear Nate and Jerry:

It seems absolute ages since I last heard from you and at the moment my supply of *Arcadians* and *Fly Papers* has been interrupted. That's probably because they are still going to the old address.

It's quite a while since I wrote to you too, and I can't remember whether I wrote to tell you about my new promotion. Anyway, in case I didn't, you'll see that I have now attained the rank of Flying Officer, which is equivalent to First Lieutenant in the Air Corps.

I was ever so shocked to read of the death of Mr. Tyson. I have so many memories of him—a jovial, companionable man, who did a great deal to make us feel welcome when we first arrived at Carlstrom Field and who went on to do really grand work when Riddle Field was opened. His death must have left a great gap in the Riddle organization and I know how deeply you all must have felt his loss.

Talking of Riddle Field reminds me that a short time ago I was talking to the captain of a Lancaster which landed here and he happened to mention that his flight commander was none other than Wing Commander Ken Rampling. Wasn't that quite a coincidence? If I ever happen to drop down at his station I shall make a point of calling upon him.

I've been meeting up again with another of the old 42-A boys from Arcadia in the person of Flight Sergeant W. H. Stiffin, who is a Spitfire pilot and recently finished a tour of operational duty in Malta. He is now back in this country and he came over two weeks ago to spend two days with me.

We had a grand time and it was amazing how the conversation would creep back to the great times we had back in 1941. I think "Do you remember?" must have been

said hundreds of times during those two days.

I'm still plugging along at the same instructional job, which is of great interest to me. The keenness which I developed at Maxwell for the radio side of flying has never left me and during the past 14 months nearly a hundred boys have passed through my hands and gone on to bomber squadrons—and are now playing their part in the almighty pasting which the Germans are getting in their homeland.

It makes us feel good over here to know that your Air Corps and our Air Force are keeping up a non-stop offensive against the Nazis on their own gridiron and really are making them realize at long last that when they started their war they were biting off more than they could chew.

It's hard at times not to gloat and perhaps you may accuse us in Britain of being somewhat inhuman when our newspapers record prominently each day the doings of our Air Forces—but we can remember all too vividly the bombing of our cities and towns, the manner in which Germans over the radio gloated gleefully over the suffering of our people—so that it does us all a certain amount of good to know that now at last they are being repaid over and over again for the beastliness which they inflicted upon our women and children.

They are beasts—their record in every theatre of war demonstrates it over and over again—and believe me there will be no letting up of effort in this country until they are crushed until they can never rise again—and until they have been made to pay for the crimes they have perpetrated.

If anyone tries to tell you that the British are soft—give them the lie direct. This is one thing we are going to see through to the end.

Do keep writing to me. I look forward so much to your letters, and as Christmas approaches I am thinking of all my friends in Arcadia, wishing for them all the very best for the holiday season and really happy, prosperous and PEACEFUL NEW YEAR. Somehow we all seem to have made up our minds that 1944 is going to be the year which will see the end of the war.

Cheerio and lots of luck,
Arthur

Editor's Note: Nate Reece, Jr., Assistant to Leonard J. Povey at Carlstrom Field, and his wife, Jerry, kindly sent Arthur Prandle's letter to us for publication. Arthur was a member of Class 42-A at Carlstrom Field and was editor of the first Carlstrom graduation booklet.

If you would like the Fly Paper sent to you, fill out the following and mail it to the Fly Paper office, Embry-Riddle School of Aviation, 3240 N. W. 27th Avenue, Miami 30, Florida.

Name _____

Address _____

EMBRY-RIDDLE FLY PAPER

"STICK TO IT"

Published Weekly by THE EMBRY-RIDDLE CO.



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Value Of Religion

by Chaplain L. H. Shonfelt, Dorr Field

The Corps of Chaplains represents the efforts of the churches of America to follow its young men to the uttermost parts of this war-torn world and to offer them the blessed ministrations of religion. It is the expression of the United States Army's faith in the necessity of religious character and stamina for ultimate victory.

The value of religion was dramatically illustrated in a story distributed by *International News Service* last December. *The Tablet*, a Catholic weekly, captioned it "How Rosary Saved Lives of Four Navy Aviators."

The incident is that of four Navy airmen whose patrol bomber crashed in the ocean and who subsequently spent 16 days aboard a rubber life raft and 15 days on a jungle island. They prayed every day on the raft, and their first act after reaching the shore of a tropical island was to fall on their knees and offer a prayer of thanksgiving to God.

Next they found food, built a shelter and slept. They were awakened about noon the next day by approaching Japs. The Japs were so surprised that the airmen were able to escape into the brush. Fearing the return of the enemy, they made their way inland up mountains, through swamp and thick jungles.

As they rested again, exhausted, a group of natives found them. The natives proved to be most unfriendly. The sailors seemed doomed until Ensign Edward A. Conlon of Miami, Fla., removed his Rosary, waved it at the natives and crossed himself. That did the trick. It happened that the natives were devout Catholics. They cared for the men and protected them until a rescue party reached them.

Without religion's faith in life and fearlessness in the face of impending death,

Continued on Page 18

DORMITORY LIFE

by Suzie Bryan

Monday night we decided to venture forth to the new Dorm on Menores Avenue, after a short visit to the Majorca Dorm for directions. Upon arriving at the New Dorm I was hailed by Skip Selby, who at that point looked like a second cousin of the lobster family. She showed me around the place and the gals seem to love every inch of it. After admiring Skip's sunburn and eating whatever happened to be around, we got some low-down on four new students living at 122 Menores Avenue.

First on the list is Al Wittenberg of Rockville Center, Long Island. Al is one of four redheads among the new students. She attended the South Side High School and later Miller's Secretarial School in New York. At the moment she is taking Radio and after that is completed she intends to take Flight. At 17 Al seems to be doing all right by this career business.

Next comes Sis Gibbs, Louise Gibbs to be specific. Sis hails from Yazoo City, Miss., and after high school attended Copiah Lincoln Junior College, where she took a general course. Later she attended the

Mississippi State College and majored in Engineering. Her favorite sports are tennis, swimming and horseback—she has never been north and loves Miami. By the way, Sis is taking Drafting and Design here at Embry-Riddle.

Then there is Madiline Fite who has come all the way from Redlands, Calif., for flight training. When we tried to interview her she was off on a tour of Tech and Overhaul with her old friend, Capt. Francis P. Bacon, Commanding Officer of the Air Depot Detachment, and Karen Draper. We'll tell you more about her next time, but we *do* know that her father, Col. Hugh J. Fite, is on active duty overseas and is well known to all Embry-Riddle-ites.

Irish Williams, legally known as Janne Williams, comes from Lynbrook, Long Island. Like Al Wittenberg, Irish attended the South Side High School. Irish is another redhead and her reason for being here is to take a course in Radio, which she says fascinates her.

However, the favorite story of the week concerns Mary Gilman, better known as Gillie. T'other night it seems Gillie and her date decided to go to a well-known restaurant. Well, since there is such a thing as gas rationing, busses and taxis are more than scarce. Gillie and her lieutenant borrowed two bicycles and gaily rode up to the front of the restaurant, deposited their bikes at the front entrance with the doorman, and sailed right on in past about a hundred amazed onlookers.

After the evening was over and everyone else was madly chasing cabs, Gillie and the lieutenant waited while the doorman fetched their bikes and then rode away merrily. People in general have an awful lot of fun, but no one has quite as much fun as Gillie.

DORMITORY

Continued from front page

In such detail have decorations and furnishings been carried out that the student need bring few personal effects with her. Even pictures, lamps, small end tables and bedspreads for each room have been chosen carefully by Karen Draper, Aviation Advisor to Women, Mrs. Mary D. Sperry, Assistant to Syd Burrows, Director of Housing, and Mrs. Gladys Sessions, housemother of another Embry-Riddle dormitory.

Two girls occupy each room and there is a study room for every four. Girls are encouraged to bring radios and victrolas with them, for many is the feminine "jive" session that begins when studies are put aside and a little entertainment (for spectators as well as participants) is desired.

Mrs. Elizabeth Berry, housemother of the new dormitory, is nearby at all times to supervise the students and help with

any problems; however, regulations are approved and enforced by the girls themselves. Meetings each Monday with Karen Draper give rise to new ideas and provide an opportunity for ironing out any difficulties.



Dixie Collier

Dixie Collier Flies At Chapman Field

Dixie Collier, daughter-in-law of the late Barron Collier, well-known advertising executive, is working toward her instructor's rating at Chapman Field. She is preparing to enter war work on the home front while her husband, Lt. Sam C. Collier, serves with the Navy as aide to Vice Admiral A. B. Cooke, commander of the Caribbean Sea frontier.

Dixie was born and reared in Honolulu, where her mother, Mrs. Frank Thompson, still makes her home. She was graduated from Miss Walker's finishing school in Simsbury, Conn., attended the Sorbonne in Paris for a year, and then spent another year traveling abroad.

Before the war Dixie and her husband maintained their home at Useppa Island, Fla., and divided their time between Florida and New York, where Lt. Collier was in the advertising business.

The Lieutenant is widely known in the sporting world for his participation in amateur automobile racing. He raced in Europe and was president of the Automobile Racing Club of America from its founding until a few years ago.

Dixie shares her husband's enthusiasm for automobile racing, but her interest in it has been replaced by aviation. She loves to fly more than anything, she says. As her deep sun tan indicates, she spends what time flying does not consume at the beach and on the tennis courts. These sports keep her in trim, she feels, for the job she is looking forward to as a flight instructor.

Dixie is the mother of two children, Sam, Jr., 6, and Dick, 4. She and the children make their home on Sunset Island No. 4, where they live in hope of possible visits from the head of the family.



WORKING FOR HER LINK INSTRUCTOR'S RATING at the Colonnade is Catherine Shilling of Bristol, Va., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Caswell of Washington, D. C. Catherine is the wife of Capt. E. E. Shilling who is stationed in Calcutta, India, as a pilot with the China National Aviation Corp. She became interested in Link training after taking several hours of dual flight in Washington.

RIDDLE ROUND-UP

NO. 5 B.F.T.S.

Matt Tierney, Editor



Major Benjamin F. Dunham, Jr., AAF,
Commanding Officer at Riddle Field.

The newly-aroused interest in golf at Riddle Field has grown stronger in the past week and a Tournament is now under way and is going strong. The first round of elimination play was held over the week end and five matches were played.

All eyes were on the Phil McCracken-Bob Ruet match which turned out to be a closely contested event. The first nine holes were evenly played, with the lead seesawing back and forth.

The boys teed off on the tenth hole and McCracken, PT Instructor, took the lead with a birdie. Ruet, representing the Instrument Maintenance department, came back to win the eleventh with a par while McCracken bogied the hole.

Hole In One

The 12th, 13th and 14th were won by McCracken's sharp putting and the par 3 hole was next. Ruet, 3 down at this stage of the game, stepped up to the tee and made a "hole in one." With two down and three to get, Ruet was playing hard to recover, but McCracken's birdie on the 16th, a long par 5, was too much for Bob and the match ended with Phil the winner, 3 up and only 2 to go.

Other winners in the Tournament who will move on to the second round were Cadet Gillies, who eliminated F/O O'Hara, 514; Lou Mancuso, Joe Garcia and Jim Taylor, all winning by defaults; "Marcus" Blount, who eliminated Sam Schneider, 3-2; and "Chubby" Owens, who beat S/Ldr. Hill, 2-1.

"Robbie" Robinson, our popular meteorologist, is in charge of recreation at No. 5 BFTS and is responsible for the wonderful interest shown in our present Golf Tournament. He is now planning a

"fishing" tournament, which we hope will be of equal interest to Embry-Riddleites, within the next few weeks when he has acquired suitable prizes.

Instructor's Club Activities

Last Wednesday evening Larry De Marco acted as the culinary artist at a chili dinner and it is the popular opinion that he "knows his onions." Anyone who hasn't tasted chili and Italian spaghetti "a la De Marco" just hasn't lived.

On Friday evening a crowd gathered at the club for the usual games and dancing. Sandwiches and tidbits, prepared by our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Herbig, were greeted with the usual ohs and ahs.

We are glad to welcome Harry F. Foster as a new Dispatcher on the Flight Line; he comes to us from Fort Lauderdale.

New employees in the Form Office in Maintenance are Miriam Adkins and an old-timer, Ann Kurzman.

We are glad to introduce Irwin and Sidney Weintraub, who have been employed by the Lafayette School of Aeronautics in Lafayette, La., and who are now mechanics in our Maintenance department.

Another new mechanic is Daniel Soto of New York City, formerly a citizen of Venezuela. And also in Maintenance is another new employee, P. C. Evans, a Stockroom clerk.

Milo Harold Jones is awaiting orders to report to the Navy at Miami and is making the rounds to say *adieu* to his many friends. Audrey Jones also is putting the finishing touches on her work in the Bookkeeping department. She will accompany her husband to "the big city."

Sgt. Jock Moyes received a letter from Sgt. Allen Best of Course 12 who is now stationed in Worwickshire, England, training for heavy bombers. Allen sends his best wishes to his Instructor, Joe Garcia, and Leola Jacobs.

News was received from Sgt. Doug Brooks of Course 12, who is now flying heavy bombers in Scotland and asks to be remembered to Jack Hopkins and Harold Colishaw.

SAFETY SLANTS

by Henry B. Graves, Safety Director

Safety charts which currently should be appearing on bulletin boards are well worth a bit of study. Top honors go to Instrument Overhaul with no lost time accidents over the 15-month period covered. Union City takes first place among the Fields, very closely followed by Dorr Field.

Chapman and Riddle Fields are practically neck and neck for the next place with Chapman just leading by a nose, and Tech School tied with Riddle Field. Chapman rates another pat on the back for a perfect, no accident score for the last three months of the 15. Keep up the good work, Chapman.

It is both interesting and encouraging to note that the organized safety program has reduced the accident totals from 114 in July to an average of only 15 for November and December, and from reports now at hand it looks as if January would show an even better rate.

Let's not allow these figures, however, to relax our safety drive for a second as

Continued on next page



AAF and RAF CADETS OF COURSE 18 AT NO. 5 BRITISH FLYING TRAINING SCHOOL, Riddle Field, pause for a moment for photographer Mike Harlan. In the front row are Cadets R. S. Hollands, H. F. Halstead (Flight Leader), V. A. P. Frowen, Mike Jacobs, J. H. Allen, Bertram Dennard, P. C. Clarke, J. H. Broome, Bill Howard and I. M. Harper (Under Officer). Back row; Jack Bingham, Dennis Harris C. F. E. Holliday, Gordon Davis, Lawrence Dunn, Bill Cutler, Fred Boyton, W. A. Archer, D. G. Biggs, H. G. Cocker, Frank Jay, Bob Collisson, Roger Alley, James Hondorf, Clifford Jacques, Maurice Clifford, E. M. Jackson-Moore and John Ivimy (Flight Leader).

ACROSS

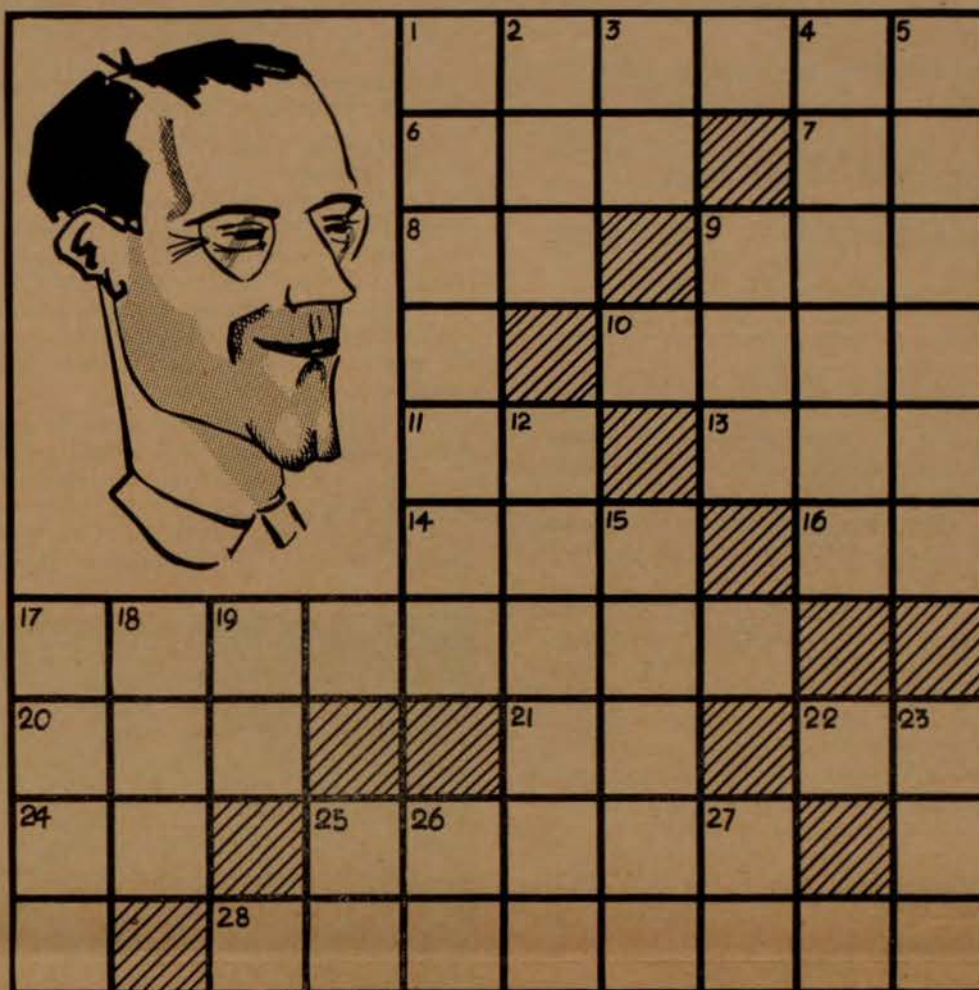
1. The man whose caricature is shown.
6. Airplanes can't carry much of this.
7. In backwards.
8. Pronoun.
9. The 75th AAF..... (Fill in the rest.)
10. When your instructor speaks, you do this (we hope).
11. Where you go to practice spins.
13. This lubricates engines. (Brooklynese!)
14. No cross-country should be without it.
16. A direction our PT's seldom go, but cadets often do.
17. Cowlshaw claims the sun does this.
20. They have trained many civilian pilots.
21. Estimated time of arrival (when it's *not* estimated).
22. Stearman. (OK—so it's easy!)
24. The Navy's SNJ.
25. What a lost pilot does.
28. The best pilot in the world, in your opinion.

DOWN

1. Oranges come from here by the parachute-bag full.
2. A "hot" pilot—or anyone with ten hours.
3. Abbr. for "Leaping Eaglets." (We made this up.)
4. How a cadet gets into the cockpit.
5. This man is adept in many fields.
9. A sum of money.
12. Instructors' language. The RAF calls it.....
15. Pilots never have to avoid these in Florida.
17. Canada's Air Force.
18. The kind of pupil every instructor wants.
19. This comes from imbibing.
23. The teletype sequence has an abbreviation for us.
25. A cardinal heading.
26. We'll give you this one—it's "EU."
27. Abbr. for plane with less than two engines. (Oh, well, some of these have to be a snap.)

Solution will be found on Page 18

RIDDLE FIELD CROSS WORD PUZZLE



COURSE 19

We of Course 19 arrived last Tuesday tired, hot and dirty from our long trip but already delighted with what we had seen of Florida (especially our kind host at Sebring, also Shirley Sue Spooner and Jim McCrea!).

We have already begun to settle down at No. 5 and are beginning to get used to rushing through meals and arriving at Parade on time.

We are a little "peeved" with quarantine, which seems at present to threaten our liberty for some time to come, but otherwise things seem pretty good.

We are very grateful to the ladies of the Canteen for instituting a "leper's hole"

through which passed ice cream, milkshakes and other necessities of life.

Finally, regarding ground loops, we wish to assure our Instructors that it is not our present intention to set up a new record for these spectacular feats. *Nos intentions soient-elles realis * (i.e., touch wood).

Soldier, beware

When she wants to ask you . . .

Why, and when, and where you'll go!

SAFETY

Continued from preceding page

we still have much to accomplish. Let's just remember that zero frequency rates are possible and are reached and maintained by many large industries.

For safety in old age and in the years to follow, let me borrow from Winchell and say, "Bye Bye—Buy Bonds."

Soldier: "We're going to have a swell time tonight, honey. I've got three tickets for the movie."

Girl: "But why three tickets?"

Soldier: "One for your father, one for your mother, and one for your kid brother."

COURSE 17

After a week of relaxation following Pre-Wings exams (which we all passed successfully, by the way) we are striving to keep up with the terrific pace set by the newest Course to arrive at No. 5 BFTS.

Welcome, Course 19. We hope you keep up the high standards set by your predecessors! You are aware, no doubt, that No. 5 is the finest BFTS in the country—see that you keep it that way—we and Mr. Taylor will see that you do!

Due to one or two amateur and bashful musicians in the ranks last Saturday morning, one half of the Course didn't see the outside world last week end! However, we spent our time profitably, handing out ice cream and sundaes through the Canteen door and holding secret meetings in the Cadets' Lounge.

Night flying started this week with A and B Flights trying their luck first—maybe one or two will have soloed by now!

At least one Cadet will be sorry that the cross-countries are almost finished and that is Derek Hurst, who says "I always take my pipe on cross-countries."

PLAY SAFE . . . DON'T TALK



CARLSTROM CARROUSEL

by Kay Bramlitt

AIR MEDAL

Lt. Robert D. Wallace of Class 43-C at Carlstrom has advised his Flight Instructor, T. M. Kitchens, that he has been awarded the Air Medal while on combat duty over Italy. Congratulations from all.

Once again it's time to say goodbye to another Class of Cadets—44-F in this instance. We're all sorry to see you boys go and are looking forward to the day when some of you will pay your Alma Mater a visit after you receive those coveted Wings. The very best of luck to each one of you!

Welcome to Class 44-H. The personnel here at Carlstrom are glad you're here and we want you to enjoy your stay. If there's anything we can do to help you at any time, just let us know and we'll be glad to do all we can. Just in case you don't know, Carlstrom has the finest Safety Record of any training school in the world. For nearly three years now both American and British pilots have been trained here without a single fatality. It's up to you boys in 44-H to help us keep this record. Good luck!

Thanks, Lloyd

Thanks to Athletic Director Lloyd Budge and to the Wilson Sporting Goods Co. for arranging the exhibition tennis matches here between the two British women tennis champions, Dorothy Round Little and Ruth Mary Hardwick.

Thanks also to Lt. Campbell Gillespie, former net star at the University of Miami and now of the Army Air Forces, for coming along and taking part in the matches. Cadets, officers, enlisted men and civilians alike thoroughly enjoyed the exhibitions, and appreciate the efforts of the participants.

Nice Seein' You

Ground School Instructor Bob Fowler of Riddle Field flew up to Carlstrom one day last week and remained overnight, seeing all his old friends. It was nice to see you, Bob, and we hope the next time you come it will be possible for your wife to come along too.

Lt. J. W. Brooks returned last week from a leave spent at home with his wife and baby, whom he saw for the first time. Glad to have you back, Lieutenant.

W/O O. B. Lightfoot of the U. S. Navy, formerly the Carlstrom-Dorr Purchasing Agent, is again on duty at Camp Peary, Va., after having been stationed in New York City for a month or so.

Capt. George Hilbert of Class 41-E at Carlstrom Field is now stationed at Bartow, Fla., after having spent over a year overseas. Old-timers here are anxiously

awaiting a visit from George sometime in the not-too-far-distant future.

It seems that S. E. "Wolf" Harrison is always opening his mouth and putting his foot in it. According to a story from the Flight Line, Mr. Harrison was inquiring as to the reason no Accident Reports were turned in for personnel in the Flight Tower. Upon being advised that no reports were turned in simply because there were no accidents to report, S. E. asked, "No scratches even?"

Sgt. Doyle Edwards is spending a well-deserved furlough in Arcadia, while Cpl. Ben Lane and wife, Martha, are spending Ben's furlough and part of Martha's annual leave from her job in the Army Personnel Office in North Carolina. Hurry



back, folks. It's kinda lonesome around here without you.

Sgt. Earl Steward recently returned from his furlough which he spent at his home in Berwick, Pa.

Cpl. and Mrs. "Scotty" Seres have as their guest for a short while Scotty's mother who is visiting in sunny Florida from cold Ohio.

Cigars and candy bars were passed out by Capt. John Frisbee on the 14th (nice Valentine present, wasn't it?) Congratulations, Captain!

Welcome, Larry

Larry Walden who has been with Emery-Riddle for a long time, first as a Ground School Instructor then as a Flight Instructor both at Carlstrom and Union City, stopped in for a moment last Saturday on his way to Clewiston where he will continue in his capacity as a Flight Instructor. Come back more often, Larry, now that you're not so far away.

SK1/C Louis D. Woolley, who has seen

action both in Africa and at Guadalcanal, visited for a few hours at Carlstrom Field last week. Louis formerly worked in the Stockroom 'way back in 1941. We were all glad to see you, Louis, and hope it won't be long before you'll be back again.

The new Pilot-Officers' Aero Club in Arcadia is progressing very nicely. Mr. Garrison, the Operator, has secured the services of a colored pianist and a colored drummer who play every evening at the Club. He also expects to have a saxophone player added to the group very shortly.

Great Plans

In line with the policy to make the Club more attractive to the members, several things are planned such as the building of a barbecue pit, placing of lawn furniture for use in the yard next summer and many other things which will be done as soon as funds permit.

To start the ball rolling, Mr. Garrison has said that he plans to initiate the practice of having a Smörgåsbord each Monday evening. The first will be held next Monday, February 21st. Mr. Garrison did not announce the price, but the cost for such a specialty is expected to be in line with other prices now in effect at the Club, which have been judged fair by all those who have enjoyed the service and the food thus far.

FLASH! "Slack" Lindsay has been promoted to FIRST LIEUTENANT! Congratulations, and bring on the candy!

We were most happy to have Gene Bryan, Secretary to George Wheeler, Jr., and Ann Franke as visitors at the Field last Monday. Our only disappointment was that they couldn't stay longer, but it was nice having them if only for a short while.

A soldier got into a poker game with some Britishers. Picking up his cards, he found four beautiful aces. With bated breath he waited for the open. At last a Britisher tossed in a bill. "I'll make it a pound," he said. Baffled but confident, the soldier declared, "Don't know how you count your money over here, but I'll raise you a ton."

GOOD CONDUCT

The following named enlisted men at Carlstrom Field have been awarded the Good Conduct Medal for fidelity, faithful and exact performance of duty, efficiency through capacity to produce desired results and behavior so as to deserve emulation:

Sgt. Joseph J. Ferry, Sgt. Jonas E. Steward, Sgt. Jesse W. Townsend, Cpl. Harry N. Ball, Cpl. Leslie W. Beneke, Cpl. John J. Murray and Pfc. Arthur J. Karas.

CADET DANCE AT CARLSTROM

by A/C S. F. Murphy, Carlstrom Field



RED HAIRE KAY BRAMLITT takes time out from her duties as secretary to Len Povey at Carlstrom to pose for the camera in a jeep.

The Cadets of Class 44-F from Carlstrom Field broke all existing records for being "eager" last week when, finding themselves with a few days spare time, they decided to repaint and redecorate the entire Cadet Club for their class dance.

They were rewarded by having the tables from Buck Jones in Miami arrive on the eve of the dance and so Friday night, February 4, Arcadia had its own rival of the famous Stork Club. When the Class of 44-F descended on the newborn Cadet Club the night of the dance, the appearance was that of a committeeman's dream as the very atmosphere was transformed to that of a high type metropolitan club.

In the soft glimmer of candle light (for nothing as ordinary as electricity would do for such an occasion) the guests assembled for the surprise of the evening—the first shipment of furniture bought by Cadets had arrived in the late afternoon and was ready for use. The club was packed.

Some Jive

A fourteen piece band from Fort Myers under the direction of Cpl. Clayton Hill with featured talent and Miss Marion Marshall as soloist starred. Comments such as "best band I've heard since I was a civilian" and "I didn't know they had bands like that except in New York" were common.

The program was "emceed" by Cadet W. W. Taylor who welcomed the officers and enlisted men from Carlstrom, the Class of 44-F and their flight instructors and guests from Dorr by giving them a frolicking, fun-filled program.

Featured was Cadet Morris Stadd with a heavy German dialect and a sad story concerning all the woes that had befallen him between basic training and basic flying school. As most of his troubles were the same as all other Cadets and as his

pertinent quips concerning some of the local Carlstrom personnel were embarrassingly true, his contribution to the entertainment program was highly enjoyed.

Cadet Luther J. Russell, national amateur yo-yo champion, held the audience spell-bound with the magical gyrations of his yo-yo as he "milked the cow," "walked the dog," "lit a match," held in Cadet Taylor's teeth, played "Two Gun Pete" while lying on his back, "wound the clock" and "put out the cat" by depositing the yo-yo in the M.C.'s pocket to end his act.

A Solid Pair

A breath of Harlem was added by little Mary and Wally, colored jitterbug artists with an aggregate age entitling them to vote. Mary is a cousin of the noted negro pianist, Hazel Scott, and the pair were "solid" as they gave their interpretation of the Lindy Hop in jitterbug rhythm. The reaction of the audience was spontaneous and soon the red, white and blue spotlights were playing on a silver floor as coins jingled from all directions.

From every source, it was agreed that the 44-F graduation dance was the smash hit of the Arcadia social season and shattered standards set by all previous classes.

The Class of 44-F was unanimous in the feeling that it had celebrated most adequately and properly the occasion of leav-

ing a beautiful field which had been home during two of the most important months of their lives.

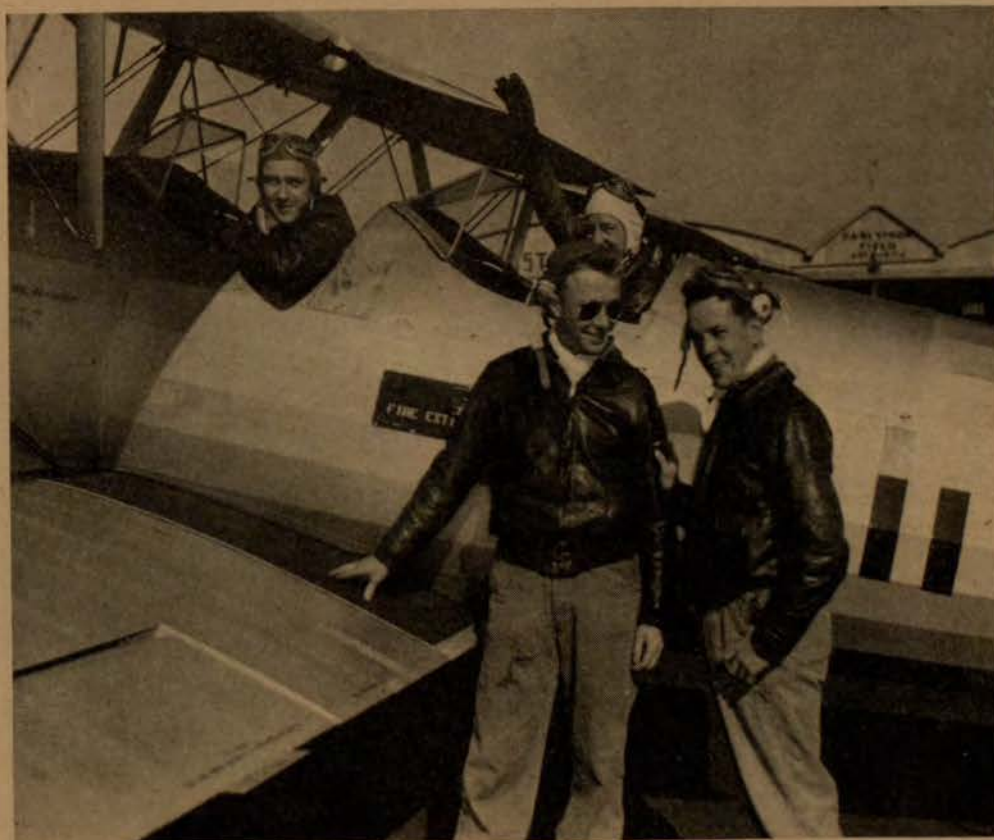
FLIGHT CONTROL

"Army Flight Control advises . . ." Such a preface to a message coming over an Army pilot's radio may, and quite often does, mean safety. For the message, emanating from Pilots' Advisory Service, is designed to conquer such hazards as weather, field conditions, shut-down range stations and other unforeseen problems that arise relative to flight planning.

Now that Pilots' Advisory Service blankets the nation from 23 control centers, it is possible, through checking statistics, to get a line on its efficacy in promoting flying safety. In December, 235,000 flight plans were plotted, involving 365,000 airplanes. A total of 1,834 advisory messages were issued through communication with aircraft in flight resulting in 1,264 flight plans being altered.

Each of the 1,264 altered flights eliminated a potential accident, for it may be assumed that these pilots would have continued into dangerous flying conditions if

Continued on Page 10



THE FRONT COCKPIT FEELS A BIT STRANGE TO FRED DEFILLIPO of Plainfield, N. J., but Wallace Moline of Rockford, Ill., is right at home waving from the rear one. On the ground are Richard Hughes of Buffalo, N. Y., left, and "T. S." Thompson of Annapolis, Md. The boys are Carlstrom Cadets of Class 44-G.

CHAPMAN CHATTER

by June Page and Tillie Tiley

Leafing through my book of memories, it appears to me that the last time I was confronted with the task of writing Chapman Chatter, Cara Lee Cook, now Mrs. Dave DaBoll, was lying flat on her back in the hospital. My task today is a more pleasant one. Instead of writing the column this week, "Cookie" is in seventh Heaven with her one and only Dave.

The Big Event took place at the home of Cara Lee's aunt, Mrs. J. Ross Macker, at 8:30 p.m. on Saturday, February 12. The bride's stepfather, Jesse P. Montz, who is minister of the Watch Tower Society, officiated at the ceremony, while her sister, Rae Jean, was maid of honor and Sterling W. Camden, Jr., General Manager of Chapman Field was best man. Dudley P. Cook, brother of the bride, acted as usher for the immediate family and intimate friends who were present.

Orchids

"Cookie" chose a two-piece turquoise dress with white accessories, and wore a corsage of orchids. Exquisite floral decorations were arranged by the bride's mother, Mrs. Jesse P. Montz.

After the wedding, a reception was held at the home of Mrs. J. Thomas Moxley, where the groom has made his home for some time. After the guest book was signed refreshments were served from the beautifully arranged table. The wedding cake was used as a centerpiece, surrounded by trays of dainty sandwiches and cups of punch.

Pictures were taken of different groups by Rae Jean, sister of the bride, who is interested in photography and is associated with Milio Studio. We'll all look forward to seeing those pictures.

Among the guests from Chapman Field

were the Camdens, the Gibbons, the Heflins, the Sheffields, the Moxleys and other personnel from the Field, who thank Mrs. Moxley for her kind hospitality.

To Mr. and Mrs. David DaBoll, from Chapman Field:

*Best of luck to you,
May your worries be few.
We wish you joy each day,
That your smiles will always be gay.*

Colonnade Reunion

A reunion and Valentine luncheon for a group of Old Timers of the Colonnade was held Saturday noon in the Tech Cafeteria.

Those present included the winner of the Colonnade Academy Award for Glamour Girl No. 1, Josephine Wooley, and of course that three time winner of the Colonnade No. 1 Romeo, our own beloved Chris.

Reminiscences, stories, jokes, banter and Valentines, coupled with a delicious lunch supervised by Grace Simpson, all combined to make it a most enjoyable affair.

In speaking of the girls in this group, Bill O'Neill said: "Some groups have beautiful girls; some groups have girls with brains; but in our group, each one of our girls has both attributes, beauty and brains."

Said Chris . . .

*For years, I sought a far-famed
flower, rare;
I searched o'er mountain, vale
and glade,
Then wandered home, in dark
despair,
And found the flower, at the
Colonnade.*



ROSEMARY BRYANT FLIES at the Embry-Riddle Seaplane Base

FLIGHT CONTROL

Continued from Page 9

they had not received the advisory messages.

When a flight plan is filed it is transmitted to the nearest Flight Control Center and projected on a map in accordance with the specified route and cruising speed. Estimated positions are verified and corrected when a pilot makes his position reports through the communication stations.

In this way the approximate position of each Army flight—on or off airways—is known at all times. The airplanes concerned may be contacted instantly and given an advisory report if needed.

By keeping a listening watch of all communications stations en route, the pilot will be able to hear the "Army Flight Control advises . . ." message that will insure safe flying procedure. If no advice is forthcoming at a time a pilot needs it, he may secure information on matters within the scope of Pilots' Advisory Service by contacting the nearest range station and asking Flight Control for the desired report.

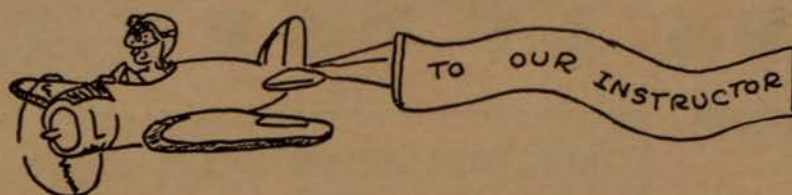
From a study of the records it is evident that Pilots' Advisory Service has saved lives and equipment, not to speak of the anxiety, lost hours, burned fuel and damaged aircraft.

—Office of Flying Safety

*A torpedo goes where it is pointed.
Don't point the enemy's torpedoes
By careless conversation!
Zip the lip!*



HONORING HIS FORMER ASSOCIATES AT THE COLONNADE, H. T. CARPENTER, assistant to Vice-President George Wheeler, Jr., entertained at luncheon at the Tech School last Saturday. Reading from left to right: William B. O'Neill, Frances Manning, Edward Christmas, Mary Vallowe, Louise Drury, "Gramp" Carpenter, Bertha Hill, Charles Perron, Josephine Wooley and Janet Perry. After luncheon, "Gramp" took his guests on a tour of the Tech School, which many of them had not previously visited.



The undersigned, hereby submit,
Our sympathy and praise
We apologize for the trouble
We've caused Instructor Hayes.

For we were two dumb dodos,
Our skulls were very thick,
We overcontrolled the rudders,
And froze upon the stick.

But, Mr. Hayes was patient,
We couldn't see him frown,
We only heard him shouting,
"Get that d— nose down!"

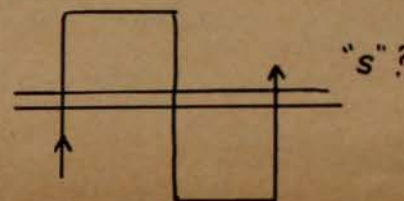
Our spins turned into spirals,
The S turns came out square,
While Mr. Hayes sat calmly,
Pulling out his hair.

The "take-offs" were erratic,
Our sequences were bad,
Mr. Hayes muttered 'neath his breath,
Sighed, and just looked sad.

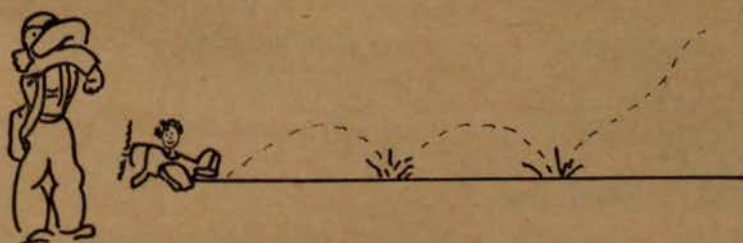
Then came the day to solo,
We waved a fond farewell,
Wobbled off and bounced her in,
Our flying looked like h—.

Mr. Hayes, we can hear your echo,
And will remember one grave fact,
That when we bounce on landing,
To get that d— stick back.

And so your fledglings thank you—
We've made our solo hops.
Of all Instructors on the Field
We think that you are tops!



Bettina Bonner and Virginia W. Worley
Chapman Field



DOINGS AT DORR FIELD

GRADUATION DANCE

by A/C Clyde M. Henderson

When it comes to having dances, ask the Cadets at Dorr Field how it's done—their farewell frolic for the Class of 44-F went over with a bang Tuesday night at the Cadet Club. What with A/C Furr as head of the decorating committee and A/C Wood in charge of dance preparations, the affair was a huge success.

Music was furnished by the fourteen-piece orchestra of the Venice Army Air Base; and we think we've made a great discovery in the abilities of our own "Tiger" Henderson who acted as Master of Ceremonies.

During intermission, entertainment was provided for the many officers, cadets and guests by two young colored children who were quite adept at "jitterbugging." As the Master of Ceremonies remarked, "These kids proved to be the jivinist little hep-cats that ever hit Arcadia." Entertaining also was the "jam session" staged by the waiters and waitresses.

Following the entertainment features, Lt. Gailey and Lt. McLaughlin presented various awards. Our bugler, Frank G. Brookings, and each member of our Wing Staff was given an identification bracelet. Awards also were made to the Group Commander of Group 3 and to Squadron 6 for having been judged the best on the Field by the Office of the Commandant of Cadets.

The intermission terminated with several trumpet solos offered by our talented bugler, Mr. Brookings, who formerly played with Gus Arnheim's orchestra.

All in all, the farewell dance proved very successful and may we suggest that if you're planning a dance, do it the Dorr way.

COOPERATION

by A/C Bannister

The Eastern Flying Training Command recently took another step toward gaining the highest possible cooperation and efficiency between itself and the Civilian Contract Flying Schools.

Until recently, a Civilian Instructor of a Primary School was unable to gain admittance to schools or posts other than the one at which he was employed. Now, through the medium of a special pass, open to all instructors under the jurisdiction of the EFTC, any bearer of such a pass can, for business purposes, gain admittance to military posts or schools of the Command.

Each pass contains a photograph, fingerprints and a concise description of the bearer. It should be accepted and used beneficially by those entitled to it.

DORR FIELD HONOR ROLL

One of the newer additions to the War Room is the Dorr Field Roll of Honor. Those graduates who later distinguished themselves or met death in the line of duty are listed on a plaque, and to date the following names are included.

Air Medal

Lucious E. LaCroix, 42-D, December 1942

Irving S. Silberstein, 42-G, December 1942

Killed in Line of Duty

Edward T. Layfield, 42-D, December 1942

Anthony F. Lane, 42-K, July 1942

Julian L. Dart, 43-B, July 1943

Sidney W. Ironmonger, 43-B

Eugene A. McGee, 43-C, November 1942

Edgar N. Linn, 43-E, August 1943

Robert H. Horn, 43-I, October 1943

William E. Staff, 43-J, December 1943

Francis P. Boyle, 44-D, January 1944

Richard F. Kiley, 44-D, January 1944

TROUBLE SHOOTER

by A/C J. B. Wilder

The words "trouble shooter" are rarely heard in the Army Air Forces, but Lt. Abraham Bobrick, Dorr Field Statistical Officer, is just that. His unique job is to coordinate the various military departments on the Post and bring to the attention of the Commanding Officer the conditions of the Field and training program. Lt. Bobrick does this by charts, graphs and picture presentation.

Until his assignment to Dorr Field, Lt. Bobrick was Assistant Statistical Officer at the single-engine advanced school, Spence Field, Ga. He graduated from the Army Air Forces Officer Candidate School, Miami Beach, last July.

A graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he received his LLB in Law. While at M.I.T. he became interested in Patent Locks and still likes to take a lock apart to see the works—it is his main hobby these days.

Lt. Bobrick is married and has his wife with him in Arcadia. When asked what his claim to fame was, he said: "I guess I'm the only Officer who found an apartment two days after arrival in Arcadia."

WAR ROOM

by A/C Frank G. Brookings

The War Room, although it has existed but a few months, has become an outstanding asset to Dorr Field. Its purpose rests in presenting material of a factual and technical nature, stimulating interest in current developments, and in general further acquainting the officers, cadets and civilian instructors with the necessities, changes and progress of the conflict.

With this end in view, the War Room has come to include extensive information on all types of weapons, air and sea craft used by the Allied and Axis powers. The contents list not only confidential data that may be used only under strict supervision, but also wide general information relating to history and modern technological developments.

Finally, adequate provision is made for the compiling of a record of current developments in the war. Some of the more recent additions to the room are listed below.

Decorations awarded graduates of Dorr Field are listed in full elsewhere on this page.

Unique Display and Current Events Boards: In addition to the existing swing display boards, upon which are posted maps, target planning charts and items of current interest, there recently have been added four bulletin boards. These contain large scale maps of the various theatres of war. Daily news articles are posted on the edges of these maps and ribbons and pins connect them to the particular sector of the map to which they refer. This makes for a pictorial understanding of current news and affords valuable knowledge as to the geography and geographical factors involved in the present conflict.

"Operational" Model Table: At present, A/C Robert Doris and A/C Fred Hawley (44-F) are completing a plaster model of an operational sector which simulates both land and sea features. The land section, with its shell holes and terrain features, is used for the purpose of illustrating various types of mechanized equipment. This is done by using miniature models of tanks, self-propelled guns and motor vehicles. On the simulated sea is placed miniature models of the various types of naval craft. It is hoped that this unique feature will suffice as an additional stimulus to the interest in identification of modern military equipment.

Dorr Field Comes of Age: Retained in the confidential files of the War Room is now a complete history of Dorr Field. The preparation of this document was only possible through the coordinated efforts and hard work of both military and civilian sources. The product of their labor is

DORR FIELD DAY

by A/C H. C. Sizemore



ART RAMER, Assistant to Dorr Field's General Manager, Gordon Mougey

indicative of the fact that Dorr Field has come of age. It has a name, traditions, and now a written history.

These newer features of the War Room are in addition to the original contents, which included a large stock of technical reference material, a complete department in aircraft and naval recognition, an historical library and extensive confidential files. It goes without saying that the War Room has become a storeroom of knowledge and valuable data, the importance of which has become increasingly realized by Officers, Cadets and Civilian Instructors of Dorr Field.

Dorr Field copped the monthly class sports competition from Carlstrom Field with overwhelming victories. There was no doubt in the minds of those who saw the sporting events that Dorr Field easily has the better teams; in fact, if the truth were known, Carlstrom probably hopes never to see such "class" teams compete against them in the future.

Starting off the event Wednesday evening, February 9, Dorr's basketball team defeated Carlstrom by the score of 40-31. The superb, unbeatable playing of Saughnessy, Sigren, Sizemore, Swift and Whet-sell was too much for the Carlstrom quintet. At the end of the first quarter, Dorr led by the score of 14-1.

The Dorr quintet was any college coach's "dream team." There was little doubt as to the outcome of the game after seeing the play of the first quarter. The starting five were well relieved by Ailes, Rochemacker, Wellbaum, Rocap, McGarvey, Horner, Johnson and Davis. At the end of the half, the score stood 20-19 in favor of Dorr.

However, the starting five from Dorr returned to the game for the second half and proceeded to do the job they originally had started to do and at the end of the third quarter Dorr led, 32-29. Then the final quarter went as the first, with Dorr holding Carlstrom to 2 points and scoring 8 themselves, making the final tally read 40-31 in favor of Dorr.

Then Thursday morning Dorr athletes invaded Carlstrom and proceeded to trounce them thoroughly on their home field.

Dorr's volleyball teams defeated Carlstrom in two straight games, 15-10 and 15-9. Both of Dorr's teams played exceptional ball and had little trouble defeating the "Auxiliaries."

In football, Carlstrom was sadly and thoroughly beaten by the teamwork of the Dorr eleven by a score of 38-2. The excellent teamwork was again shown when Dorr completed all but two of their passes, made no fumbles and played practically the entire game in Carlstrom territory.

There were really no standouts on either of the two full teams that Dorr put on the field. The boys played as one man. Carlstrom scored their two points by crossing the center line of the field twice, being given one point each time.

With Sigren pitching superbly, Dorr again came through with a victory by a score of 4-1. The team gave Sigren airtight backing and had no serious threat at any time. Dorr at one time had a lead of 4-0, Carlstrom scoring their lone run in the final frame, but were nipped before they could overcome the lead.

The only event in which Carlstrom beat Dorr was in tennis. Even in that the outcome was close. Hord won his singles match, 6-3, 6-0; Johnson lost his singles, 6-3, 6-2, and Sanders lost, 8-6, 6-2. In the doubles "Tiger" Henderson and McDowell split the match by first winning, 9-7, then losing, 6-3. Hart and Perillo lost their doubles by scores of 6-2, 6-1. All games were much closer than the set scores indicate.

New Supply Officer

First Lieut. Kenneth G. Boyle, Dorr Field's new Supply Officer, arrived January 22 to assume his new duties.

For the past six months Lt. Boyle has been stationed at Patterson Field, Ohio, where he served as Personnel Officer, Office Manager and Officer in Charge of a Requirements Unit.

Joining the Army in May, 1942, Lt. Boyle spent ten months as an enlisted man. He then attended OCS at Fargo, N. D., and received his commission on June 23, 1943. Last November he was promoted to First Lieutenant.

Lt. Boyle is a native of Ogden, Utah, where he gained considerable experience in the sales of home furnishings and in interior decorating.

Speaking of his new assignment at Dorr Field, he stated that he was pleased with the personnel and with his new surroundings and that he expected his stay to be very pleasant.

Some who believe themselves to be witty are half right.



A/C FERNIE WOOD SAYS GOODBYE to Lt. Wilbert Gailey, right, at the graduation banquet of Dorr Field's Class 44-F.

Whitnall Wit

Congratulations to me this week for beating the socks off Lts. McLaughlin, Farmer and Rubertus at table tennis. Boy,



Jack

oh, boy! Did we have their tongues hanging out! In the future we are taking them on with one hand tied behind us just to make the game more interesting for us. Natchally, we only brag about the games that we win. Can't see that there would be any object in saying anything about those we lose, and they are quite a few.

Purty Good Guy

Celebrating her (censored) birthday on St. Valentine's Day was Miss Winters. Happy birthday, Clara Belle. We might add that we ourselves celebrated our birthday on February 16. Happy birthday to us, too. (Gremlin's note: Jack was not such a pretty Valentine, but he's a purty good guy.)

Guess this wind is getting in practice for next month, next month being March. For the benefit of those who don't know, March always follows February and precedes April, unless the OPA has changed things.

Someone asked us how old we thought "Brindy" Brannen was. Well, his Army record goes back to Custer's Last Stand at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. When we were in the National Guard a number

of years ago, "Brindy" was Supply Sergeant, and when asked for an extra blanket he used to come back with "Go sleep with your horse—he'll keep you warm."

The Army Side

By the time that you read this Lt. Gailey will be a married man. Congratulations and lots of happiness to both of you from all Dorrites. (We might add that Whitnall's love potion works again.) Thanks, Lieutenant, for the coke we have not yet received but expect in the near future.

As yet Lt. Hand hasn't bought us a coke for the beautiful sign that we painted him, but again we are anticipating.

Lt. Farmer's boast: "I never took a singing lesson in my life." Who ever said he could sing? Congrats—just learned it's Captain Farmer.

Dorr Cowboys

by Mary B. Sander

Two native Westerners, Squadron Commander Mel Christler and Assistant Squadron Commander C. A. Sander, took Assistant Squadron Commander E. F. Daughtrey, a native of the Florida plains, out to the heart of the Rocky Mountains, where Buffalo Bill Cody waged his famous war against the American buffalo during the settlement of the Great West.

At sight of this imposing grandeur, these almost unbelievable mountains covered with snow, and the silver dollars, Daughtrey's mouth flew open and stayed that way. He kept up a constant chant of "It just can't be" and "There ain't no such place."

Flying Trio

The flying trio did some hunting with two thirds success. Sander, whose ranch house in Medford, Ore., is adorned with blue ribbons and trophies, won with his marksmanship, bringing his deer down in a raging snowstorm, with the usual one bullet. Christler, no slouch with shooting irons either, got his deer the same afternoon, but with another bullet.

Our own Florida cowboy, "Gene" Daughtrey, had on so many clothes to combat the zero weather he couldn't get down to his pocket to get the bullet, or else he was shaking so hard from the cold he couldn't find the trigger. His buck just leaped into the air and said "Yippee!" and disappeared into the sagebrush.

"Gene" really showed the two Westerners up when they tried roping, as the accompanying picture will testify. Despite the long-handled underwear, three pairs of wool socks and arctics, "Gene" twirled the rope with the greatest of ease and grace and took only ten minutes to extricate himself from a tangle of rope that Houdini couldn't manage in an hour.

"Sandy" did all right with his hunting,



SANDY GETS HIS DEER and wears a pleased but frozen smile. That is snow on the ground.

but his form as an equestrian wasn't all it might be. Maybe his legs are too long, or perhaps two years in the front "saddle" of a PT have made him a "softie." Whatever the reason, after six hours on a Rocky Mountain pony that took him places a sensible Rocky Mountain goat wouldn't go, he longed for the soft comfort of a PT and the soothing motion of a snap roll, or at least a parachute to sit on.

Mel gave his buck to "Punch" Johnson, their host, a small gesture of appreciation for that breakfast of cereal, a tall stack (10 hotcakes to you), bacon and three eggs, hot biscuits and jelly, topped off with a pot of coffee.

Even with this "pay load," this true Westerner taxied to the barn and swung into the saddle with no trace of a ground loop. Incidentally, he complained of hunger in about two hours. Must be that snappy mountain air puts an edge on appetites.



SQUADRON COMMANDER MEL CHRISTLER admiring his 2,000 ration points of Western meat.



FLORIDA'S OWN "GENE" DAUGHTREY showing the Wyoming cowboys how it is done in Florida. Not a palmetto in sight.

This may sound like a tall story, but Sandy has movies to prove it.

You might ask the boys about the "Red Dog Refreshment Centre."

DORR'S KEYHOLE

by A/C E. D. Hightower

The remnants of Class 44-F have folded their tents and evacuated . . . at last . . . leaving the Florida landscape to the crows, the instructors and the fledgling Class of 44-G.

The Stearman's built-in ground loop lost its place in the spotlight this week to a more spectacular phenomena. It seems that our favorite Instructor-Student combination, D. I. Ellis and B. A. Colwell, picked the Montgomery Ranch road as the site of an unscheduled forced landing, much to the dismay of Assistant Squadron Commander Daughtrey who hovered over them like a distressed Mother Magpie. Our intrepid airmen returned under their own power, glowing with self-importance.

Air Apparents

Every day more 25-hour wings blossom forth on the caps of 44-G's "air apparents." Buck Kauffman wears his as one wears a battle plume . . . or a Congressional Medal of Honor.

A few nights ago Jesse Hughes and a blonde strolled into a place where we were having a coke and navigated into a corner booth where they sat and conversed in subdued tones. People were watching Jesse . . . but Jesse wasn't interested in anything but the blonde and a large chocolate malt.

A little more information trickled through this week about the Fraser Twins, Richard E. and Robert J., from Monroe, Mich. The Frasers are completing their first year in the Army this month. Before their enlistment, Richard worked in the hydraulics department of Ford's Willow Run Liberator Bomber Plant and Robert was aiding in the construction of a Naval Air Base.

Welcome

Before we go any farther we'd like to announce the arrival of a transfer from Clewiston . . . W. E. Barntner by name. Welcome to Dorr!

The most exasperating position of Army life for Ernie Emerson seems to be the leisurely manner in which the mail is distributed. Ernie, who waits impatiently for letters from the region of the sagebrush, the coyote and the Lone Star, haunts the mail room during his free hours. We've often heard him making rather disparaging remarks about Arcadia's ox-cart delivery system.

The arrival of Class 44-H was heralded by the traditional cries of the upper class: "We have a big squadron!" And of the lower class: "This place looks like a country club!" Probably the best advice we can offer 44-H is . . . relax . . . enjoy

UNCLAIMED MAIL

Letters addressed to James C. Miller and H. Van Buskirk are in the Mail Room at the Tech School.

yourselves . . . and read your TOURist Guides.

In a desperate attempt to drum up some news, we crashed the 44-F graduation dance. But there wasn't anyone there we knew, and there wasn't much noise . . . so we returned to Dorr . . . and to bed.

Well, Try It!

by A/C Al Huge

You can bet your bottom dollar it isn't easy. "What isn't easy?" Pardon me, I forgot you couldn't see it. I'm talking about our obstacle course here at Dorr Field. Yeah! I know what you're thinking; you've seen an obstacle course before. Well, take it from me, you've never undergone one like this.

For the sake of comparison, let's go back a few years. Remember the day when you constructed your soap-box racer? And do you recall where you got the material to build that racer? I'm sure most of us robbed our own back yard of all the available equipment. And that is precisely what the Cadets did here at Dorr with the priceless and unyielding assistance of Lt. C. P. Cameron.

With Lt. Cameron as the magnetic nucleus, the Cadets gathered around and started down that once vacant field, leaving

behind them this obstacle course. But to be sure, it wasn't quite as easy as all that, for once you see it you'll understand. And after you try it—well, you'll then appreciate and know what I mean when I say it's different.

To Fit Cadets

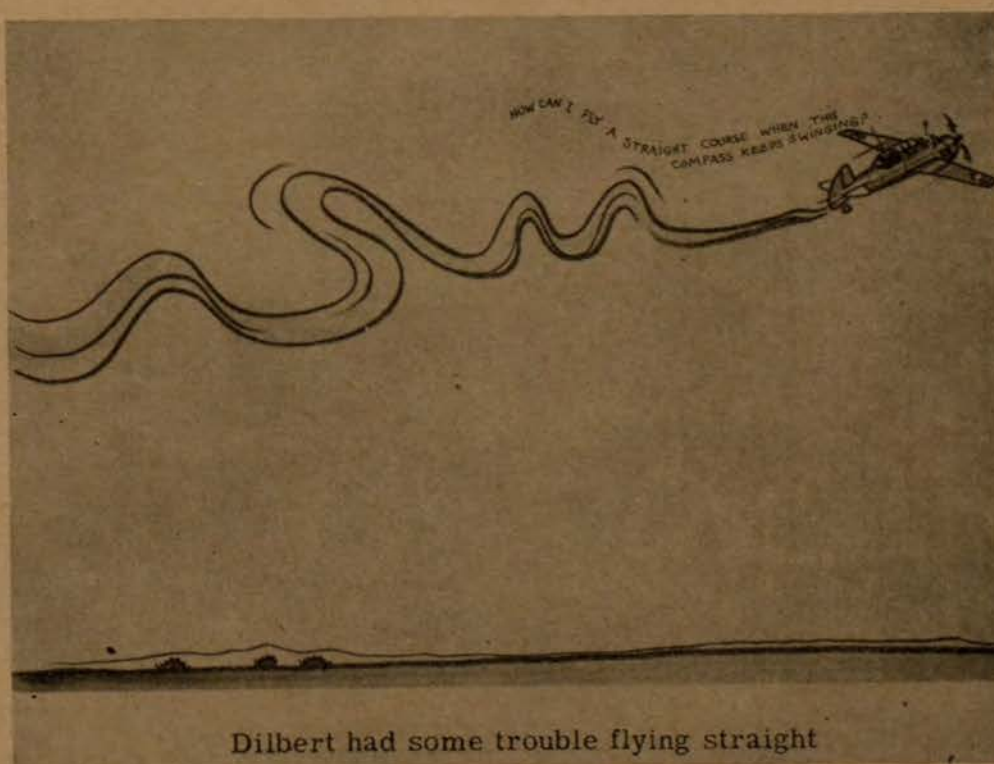
I have told you a few of the novel properties of this course. First, in that it was built from the materials that might otherwise have been scrapped or have lain useless. Second, that the Cadets built the course for cadets; built it to fit cadets and no one else, just as a tailored suit is constructed to fit the individual.

I suppose you want me to tell you all the details about this course, but I won't for that would be like telling the story and then your seeing the show. No, you try it for yourself.

Eleven Obstacles

Before signing off, I will let you in on this much. The course has eleven obstacles, each demanding due respect . . . and then . . . how many of you ever climbed a "Cargo Net"? You know what I mean . . . You've seen them in newsreels many times. It's that rope ladder net that is slung over the side of the ship when soldiers and marines launch a landing. Well, imagine what it means to come upon a cargo net right in the middle of the obstacle course when you figure you hit your stride and might beat that record. You think it's easy? Well, you try it!

**REMEMBER, SOLDIER,
THE ONLY SECRET
IS THE ONE NEVER TOLD!**



UNION CITY NEWS LETTER

T. C. Cottrell, Editor

— Associates —

Ernestine Mathis, Buildings and Grounds
Marie Burcham, Martha N. Houston, Flight Line

Joe Harpole, Parachutes
Rudolph Neely, Canteen

Ground Hog Day is over and everyone breathes a sigh of relief for, as the saying goes in Tennessee, if he comes out and doesn't see his shadow all day, our winter is over. We sure hope so, for the weather we have had the last few weeks would make Florida look sick. The grass is turning green, birds are singing and trees are budding. A lot of things are going to feel awfully foolish if it turns cold again.

There is so much news this week one hardly knows how to begin. After checking with the taxi drivers and the barber shops we decide "nobody knows nothing."

The familiar sight of the Stearman against the sky takes us back to old times and brings back pleasant memories. What a sight in the air—and they don't look so bad lined up on the ground either.

New Angle

The Cadet on his way to Embry-Riddle Field asked a stranger, Cadet Number Two: "Do you happen to have a match?" "Sure," was Number Two's reply, "but I'm not giving you any."

"But why?" was the startled reply.

"Well," said Cadet Number Two, "we'll get to chinning. And if we get to chinning, we'll wind up in the same barracks. If we are in the same barracks and the same squadron, then we'll both volunteer together for special missions. Maybe we'll even get a dangerous night flying job; then we'll have to use flashlights probably. And if the flashlights should happen to go out some night in enemy territory, I sure don't want to be stranded with someone who doesn't even carry matches."

Truth Will Out!

If Bill Liversedge had only notified us that he was coming up this way, we could have made a long-range weather forecast. The first day he was here we had our first bad weather in weeks, and it's still going strong.

We were honored by a visit from Major Davis of the A-3 division from Maxwell Field the other day.

Larry Walden, Jimmy Cleveland and Sidney Monette headed for Riddle Field, Clewiston, Fla., Wednesday where they will instruct British Cadets. We hate to see them go, but we know Larry especially will be glad to get back to Florida.

Jimmy Glover passed his CAA Instructor's Flight Check yesterday. Good going, Jimmy!

Bob Phillips is still busy running acceptance flights on the Stearman and slow time on newly installed engines.

Irv Krussrow and his gang are working night and day trying to handle all the extra

work piled on them. Incidentally, the Maintenance gang had a field day last week, when over fifty of them took the written CAM. Here's hoping they all make 90 or above.

Chef Taylor met us at the door the other day with a big smile on his face. Yep! Nice juicy steaks. The next two days he stayed in the kitchen.

We were honored by the presence of Major Jack Bratton, Jr. Major Bratton, 24, who is a Union Cityan, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air



Who Says It's Warm in Union City?

Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster for his valiant service as pilot of Liberator bomber "Old Hickory" in the Southwest Pacific from April of 1943 through January of this year. He is now home on leave and visited our Field Tuesday afternoon.

Pfc. Robert Ashton Everett of Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., a former Union Cityan, also visited the Field Tuesday afternoon.

The new War Room is now open for Civilian Instructors and Military Personnel.

Transferred

Sgt. Robert H. Bond, Link trainer instructor, has been transferred to Smyrna, Tenn.

Ann Lou Caldwell of the Intelligence Office has heard from Capt. Joseph Ciszewski, Adjutant, Station Hospital, for whom she formerly worked. He informed her that her old position is open.

Messrs. Liversedge, Avery and Holliday are on the visitors' list this week. We are always glad to have them. The climax was reached about 4:30 yesterday afternoon

after Holliday and Avery had spent a toilsome day. They began comparing their vitamin pills. This reporter has never seen such a variety—red, orange and white vitamin B-1 pills. They certainly should be at their best always.

Margaret Clayton has been informed indirectly that her brother, who was a frequent visitor of this Field, namely, Lt. Col. James H. Isbell of Union City, is now in Scotland.

Flight Line Flashes

When it happens it happens with a bang . . . Two boys in Army Engineering, S/Sgts. Stetser and Farmer, decided one couldn't get married unless the other did, so they had a double wedding. Congratulations, boys!

That quiet, bashful but nice boy, Larry Sims of Squadron I, is engaged to none other than a former Dispatcher, Gladys Tune.

Everyone try to get all the rice he or she can find and be on hand when Katharine McVay and Laverne "T" Erickson march down the aisle of First Methodist Church and take their final vows Sunday, February 20.

Due to the lack of gossip floating around, we must cut our little article short.

Son of "Gene" Buck Trains at Union City

Cadet Eugene F. Buck, Jr., of Class 44-E at Union City got the yen to fly from his colorful "pop," "Gene" Buck, who was principal librettist for the Ziegfeld Follies, started the ASCAP in Canada, and has been with aviation from the ground up.

Eugene, who is from Great Neck, L. I., has wanted to fly since he was eight years old. Time spent hanging around the local airport and building model ships has led to the Army Air Corps and Union City.

"I wanted to get into the War as soon as it started, but Pop—well, you know how parents are—he wanted me to go to college a little longer," Eugene said.

Cadet Buck wants to fly P-47s or P-51s and get a crack at the Japs, and after the War he'd like to become a test pilot for the Army.

Eugene's father was a great friend of Eddie Rickenbacker and Jimmie Doolittle, and he took his first plane ride with Billy Mitchell. The flying bug that bit "Gene" back in the days when he flew a Lincoln Beachy has lived to nip his son and add one more aviation enthusiast to our fighting Air Corps.



AIRCRAFT AND ENGINE DIVISION



ENGINE NOISES

by Dick Hourihan

An Old Timers' Club has been formed in Engine Overhaul. Its purpose is to promote good fellowship and better understanding through social and educational get-togethers.

Jack Brady first saw the need for such a club some six months ago and set out to organize one, but how to choose a membership was another problem. After discussing the idea with several employees it was decided to take the first twenty people employed and build the club around them. About a month ago notices of a meeting were passed out to these men and a club was formed and called the "Old Timers."

Officers

During the third meeting an election was held when Jack Hale was elected president, Joe Henry vice-president and Paul Meiners secretary and treasurer.

The members are, in the order of their employment: Charlie Grafflin and Bill Ehne, Jack Hale and Joe Henry, Warren Sanchez, Knute Crichfield, Frank Perry, Charlie Pelton, Earl Battersby, John Smith and Jack Brady, Dick Hourihan, Percy Branning, Clarence "Pop" Vail, Ace Brindley, Julius Boyard, Jimmie Yacullo, Charlie Thompson and Paul Meiners.

The regular membership will be kept at twenty, but a few honorary members have been added including Joseph R. Horton and Gordon C. Lennox.

The next meeting will be held in Jack Hale's office today, February 18, and all members are urged to attend.

Volleyball

Our volleyball games that occur every noon are drawing more interest than ever. The audience generally hoots and hollers at all the players and even though many are good at the game, the sideline antics get them quite mixed up. Bill Twitchell took the brunt of the fun-making one day, but it didn't seem to bother him particularly. When Charlie Thompson was out playing I wanted to throw a few razberries his way, but didn't have the time. No doubt the rest of our gang took care of that.

Bud Youngman and Bud Burt are back on the job after a siege of the flu. Bud Burt is our new draftsman, along with another new addition in that department, Norman Shelton. Belle Cuffel has been ill but she is back now and is helping to step up production in the Wiring department, where Doc Savage had been doing double duty.

THINK, ACT, BE AMERICAN!



LLOYD RAMES, CHIEF INSPECTOR at Carlstrom Overhaul, left, talks things over with Charles S. Berberian, Civil Service Army Inspector.

ARCADIA OVERHAUL

by Bleeka Kistler

We have with us Sgt. Manuel Gonzales and Sgt. Quirino Cruz, Ejercito Cubano Engineers, who are here to learn the ins and outs of overhauling PT-17s. We are proud that they are interested in learning our methods and hope that their stay with us will be beneficial and enjoyable.

Lloyd Rames, Chief Inspector, left this week for his home in New Jersey on a well-earned vacation. All hope for him a grand time and we surely miss his smiling countenance.

The winner of the Bond this month was Ernestine Sykes. The handsome sailor that Marian Stevens was piloting around the Shop last Saturday happened to be her son who is home on furlough. No wonder Marion has been going around with a happy glow these last few days.

I Like It!

J. L. (Red) Tyson, AM 3/c, a former employee in Carlstrom Overhaul, paid us a visit Saturday. Red is looking fine and we all enjoyed seeing him again. Frank Meade insists I write something about my new hair-do. There just isn't anything to say about it except that I seem to be the only person around here that likes it. It really required a great deal of art to take ten years off one's looks.

Roy Krell tells a story about the time he and Frank Zetrouer went fishing and Frank fell into water over his head and

all because there was a moccasin swimming by his side. Roy says the snake became so frightened he made a quick getaway.

Can't seem to gather any bits for our column this week, but Esther has promised to do something spectacular soon so I will have news for next week.

WING FLUTTER

by Chester Alsdorf

We were honored last week by the visit of Wenzel Brown, professor, lecturer, commentator, and author of the current best selling book, "Hong Kong Aftermath." He spoke to us on behalf of the Fourth War Loan Drive, his topic being "Life in a Jap Prison Camp." He told of the horrors and atrocities that he had seen after he had been captured by the Japs at the fall of Hong Kong and held prisoner for seven months prior to his repatriation.

It has been reported that the first N3N-3 aircraft to have been major overhauled at the Aircraft Overhaul division has been successfully test hopped by Tim Heflin, Chief Pilot at Chapman Field. Our reporter said "he took that thing upstairs and wrung it out. He did practically everything in the book."

We at Aircraft Overhaul are proud of our new signs which adorn the building and face on all three streets, announcing to the public that this is the home of the Aircraft Overhaul Division of the Embry-Riddle Company.

Double Winner

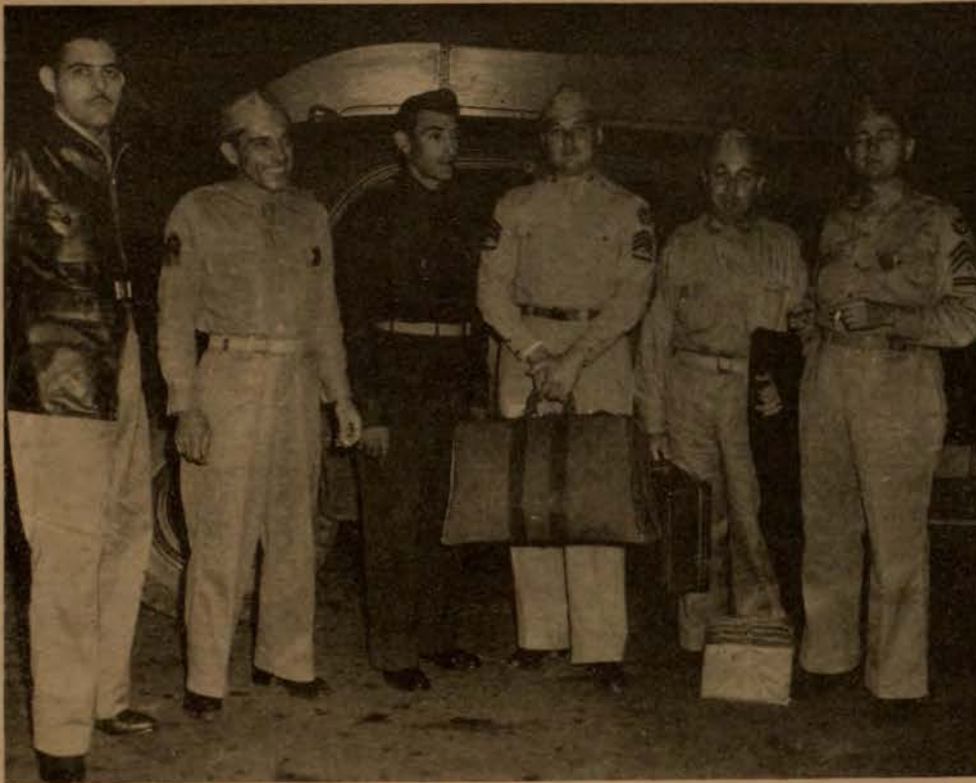
It seems that we have in our midst a two time winner in the Bond Raffle for perfect attendance. Nellie Knowles has won the bond for two consecutive months. How about letting us in on your secret, Nellie?

A. E. Thomas of the Sheet Metal department is now teaching a class in Sheet Metal Template Layout and Hand Forming at the Roosevelt Vocational School on Tuesday and Friday nights.

Jimmy Head left us on Tuesday of this week to go into the Army Air Corps as an Aviation Cadet. We wish him the best of luck. Maybe somewhere along the line he will run into Jack Pepper, who left us some months ago to enlist as an Aviation Cadet. Bill Sipprelle and Burt Hogsett also have left us to go into service.

Kenneth Brown succeeds Leo Courson as Leadman in the Aileron department. Leo left us several weeks ago to answer his country's call. The very best of luck to both of you in your new jobs.

Continued on next page



SIX MEMBERS OF THE MAINTENANCE DIVISION OF THE CUBAN AIR FORCE immediately began specialist training at Embry-Riddle, following their arrival from Havana. The group, second to be trained at the School, will study such subjects as line maintenance, engine overhaul, electrical systems, wood wing repair, magnetos and spark plugs. Led by Lt. Martin Rodriguez, the group includes Sgt. Jose Mesa, Sgt. Manuel Gonzalez, Sgt. Quirino Cruz, Cpl. Ruperto Morales and Pvt. Cayetano Felipe, all of Havana.

INSTRUMENT DEPARTMENT

by Fran Hydro

The sights and sounds of Instrument Overhaul, as I see and hear them in my little den in the stockroom, are really something that Mark Twain could do more justice to—rather than I, who have no claims whatsoever in the literary field. However, since Walter Dick has very kindly promised to repair one of those temperamental watches for my sister's husband's sister's husband, I'm going to do my best to substitute for him.

"Speedy" Dugan of Pittsburgh not only lives up to her name but also takes the cake in keeping everyone in a good mood just by looking cheerful all the time. Another breath of good cheer comes from Carrie Carter. Have you noticed the fragrant flowers she wears in her hair every day?

"Stamping"

Our Government Inspector, Mr. Hill, is an inspiration when he starts "stamping." He's such a wizard at it that when he gets started he sounds just like that big bass drummer in a hot jazz band.

Some things happen around here that I can't quite figure out: Why does Inspector Ray Crawford now sit in the other corner of our stockroom? Why are Peggy and Helen so prompt in coming into the stockroom every morning at 9:45? What in the world does Frank Torian do with that deadweight oil he gets here? Is there

really a bounce to a rubber Altimeter, or is "Myrtie" Rod just talking? Who is responsible for that treble note in our noon whistle these days? Why is it that every time those big gray boxes come in, everyone is so cheerful? But the thing that stumps me most is that timecard-finger episode that Hugh Skinner goes through every night. I wonder if that bandaged hand has anything to do with it? Good luck to you all, and now a few words about those War Bonds from Walter Dick.

Real Sacrifice

As we wrote this, the Wings and Purple Heart medal of Lt. Gay were auctioned off at a down town bond rally—they brought \$350,000. We know something of the hard work entailed in winning those Wings; we have no idea of the hardships represented by the Purple Heart.

No doubt they were his most cherished possessions—yet he gave these to further the sale of Bonds. He has been on the front line and he knows what the money from these Bond sales means to the men out there.

Have you even in a *small* way matched the effort of this one man? There are hundreds like him—yes, and those who have made the supreme sacrifice—have given their lives that we here may continue our way of life.

The person who purchased these Bonds

invested in a sure thing which will bring him a nice dividend plus a double bonus, those two wonderful momentos and the privilege of living in a free country.

You can realize the same dividend and the latter bonus—buy those EXTRA Bonds now—DO IT TODAY.

Now, thanks to Fran for a nice column and a fine spirit.

WING FLUTTER

Continued from preceding page

Division Accounting has a new key-sort operator in the person of Mrs. Godfrey, wife of Andy Godfrey of the Transportation department. We're glad to have you with us, Mrs. Godfrey, and hope that you will enjoy being with us.

Our star bowler, Karen Linford, leaves us on the 20th of this month to return to her home in California. What has California got that Miami hasn't, Karen?

Fauline Pyke is scheduled for a tonsillectomy on Tuesday of this week. Alma Daniels is highly elated these days. Her son, Danny, Jr., Mail Specialist 1/c in the Navy, now stationed in Brasil, is returning home on leave.

Lillian Coyle missed out on our tour of the Engine Overhaul division when she was called away at the last minute due to illness in her family.

RELIGION

Continued from Page 4

those men never would have reached that island. Without the Rosary, that symbol of their common religion, they might have been killed by unfriendly natives.

It is religion which gives our young men and women the hope, the strength, the courage, the loyalty and the stamina which ultimately will spell victory.

*"To live with courage each day through,
To do the tasks that are hard to do,
To follow right and keep from wrong,
We need faith in God; He makes us
strong."*

Solution to Puzzle on Page 7

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TECH TALK

by The Telephone Operators

Ever since Lil Clayton asked us to write Tech Talk we have tried to get someone to do something that would be news. Our boss, Arthur Carpenter, helped us by announcing that his wife gave birth to a daughter Tuesday, February 15th. He did not tell us but we found out that she's a beautiful baby, weighs seven pounds fourteen ounces, mother is doing nicely and is a lovely patient and father is doing all right too. Congratulations, Mr. Carpenter.

Edna Callahan entertained her son, "Sonny," and another boy scout, Tommy Caffin, for lunch last week when they were selling bonds for the Fourth War Bond Drive. P.S. They sold some, too.

Back At Tech

We were happy to see L. D. Carlton and the Sales Office move back to Tech. They are our neighbors again—right across from the switchboard. Emmitt Varney, formerly of Personnel, is now in the Brazilian department, in Services and Supplies. It's good to have him back at Tech. Pauline Bodell, the cashier, had two visitors this week—her father from Michigan and her sister from Orlando.

Kay Gorman, one of our operators, has been sick for the past week. Also on the sick list last week was our runner, Muriel Loertscher. Little Lucille Nelson carried all the school mail alone for several days and deserves special thanks for the excellent way she took care of it. It's good to see Helen Burkart, Mr. Riddle's secretary, back again. She has had a bad cold for several days.

Gene Bryan, George Wheeler's secretary, went to the Fields Monday and reported having a very good time. The best part of

the trip was the fine breakfast she had at the Tech Cafeteria before leaving Miami, she said.

Fredda Poitevint of Mr. Riddle's office spent her afternoon off at the dentist. Have you noticed her smile since? We were told Estelle Woodward would be riding in a horse show in Delray next Sunday. Good luck, Estelle.

Lucille Nelson and Rosemary Younis had two RAF cadets from Clewiston as their guests for the week-end. All reported a good time.

One of our operators is all a-flutter this week. She not only is wearing a warrant officer's pin but received a *big* bottle of Tabu perfume.

Edith del Junco is assisting Miss Moore in the Library in addition to teaching Portuguese to the wives of the Brazilian Division personnel. Thelma Ponso is still thrilled about talking to Adriano in Brasil. It amazed her that he sounded so close and so clear.

We welcome the following new students who have enrolled for courses at Tech: Louise Gibbs, Janne Williams, Anne Louise Wittenberg, Edith Chapman and Mary Harrell.

R. K. Hughes, president of the Wilson Packing Company in São Paulo, visited Tech and spoke to wives and instructor trainees who will be going to Brasil about that country.

Someone *special* sent Karen Draper orchids for Valentine's day; she almost swooned. Wain Fletcher, thinking we would not have any news for Tech Talk, provided us with some by having a birthday party for Florrie Gilmore, the Postmistress, a day ahead of time. They had cake and

PURPLE HEART

Donald Dean Holl, Seaman 2/c, U.S.N., son of Howard Holl of Transportation, has been awarded the Purple Heart posthumously. He was reported missing in action May 13, 1942.

stuff in the Fly Paper office on the sixth floor and all had fun. Many happy birthdays, Florrie!

Lt. Cline came in to see us the other day. He is in Miami on leave for a short time, looking fine and happy to be back. He says there is no place in the Army like Embry-Riddle.

Arthur Murrays

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murray will hold a dancing class at the Servicemen's Pier next Tuesday night, February 22, with the audience participating. The O.C.S. Band will play from 8 to 10:45.

Branch No. 1—The New Yorker, 1611 Collins Avenue, will hold its Wednesday dances on the lovely outdoor terrace.

The 912th Training Group Swing Orchestra always attracts a large group at the Friday dances held at Branch No. 3, The Traymore, 2445 Collins.

On Sunday afternoons there's the "Patio Dance" at Branch No. 4—The Whitman, 3301 Collins Avenue. The time—4 to 6.

Branch No. 5—4223 Collins Avenue, has a dance every Tuesday night, with music by AAFTC No. 1 Orchestra.

*The enemy's ears
Are opened wide
So military secrets
We must hide!*



A TENNIS MATCH BETWEEN DOROTHY ROUND LITTLE AND RUTH MARY HARDWICK on the Tech School courts was witnessed by medical corps officers of the Brazilian Army. Shown in the left picture, left to right, are: Lt. Mario Euricio Alvaro, Capt. Nelson Rocha, Capt. Ari Duarte Nunes, Maj. Nelson Soares Meireles, Major William Moscoso, Jr., U.S.A., Capt. Virgilio Alves Bastos, Capt. Adolfo Riedel Ratisbona, Lt. Luiz Azevedo Guimaraes, Lt. Rafael Morais Barros. Mrs. Little is on the left and Ruth Mary Hardwick on the right. Between matches at Embry-Riddle Tech School courts, the British tennis stars chat with guests. In the right hand picture, leaning forward, is Miss Zeneta Quezon, daughter of Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippines. Standing left to right are: Col. Manuel Nieto, U.S.A., aide de camp to President Quezon; Lt. Col. R. C. Hornesby; Lt. Col. J. B. Long; Ruth Mary Hardwick; and Dorothy Round Little.

LETTER FROM BRASIL

São Paulo, Brasil
January 25, 1944

Dear Mother:

I should have written again sooner, but I have been awfully busy with school and sponsored entertainment. I received my leather jacket this morning—it sure is swell to have it. They have a wonderful water-proofing liquid here so I'm all set for the rainy season that is supposed to come some time later.

I still seem to be an orphan where the mail is concerned. I have had up to this date one letter from you.

You would be in Heaven here as far as the flowers are concerned. I never saw anything like it. They have many types of trees that bloom like our royal poincianna. None are the same color, but they have yellow, blue, purple and white. They are completely covered like the poincianna—you can't see a single leaf.

They train roses into trees—they have a trunk and then the top is covered with blooms. People grow dahlias, asters and even orchids in their own yards—like ones you see in flower shops at home. Everything here is red clay. Things seem to grow by themselves in it.

I had my first fresh corn yesterday and it really was swell. Most of it is white and very sweet.

I had my first trip this past Sunday—we went to see the National Museum but it was closed. But we went all through the grounds and they were wonderful. They have a lot of beautiful statuary and the landscaping reminds me of the Deering Estate. It is so immense it's almost unbelievable. We are going out again this Thursday when the Museum is open. I expect it to be very interesting as it is all about the first emperors of Brasil and contains objects of colonial times.

I like it better here all the time. Our Portuguese instructor, Mrs. Schlittler, has had us at her home many times and we have met many of the first families. I have more invitations for the holidays in February that they call the "Carnival" than I can possibly accept. One is to spend the week out in the country in a town that is a hunting and a fishing resort. Some of the teacher's relatives have a grand farm there. I'll tell you all about it if I go. We are going to hunt wild pigs.

See if you can send my little wood carving set down. They have all kinds of



MRS. MAURICE BRAYTON AND MRS. EUGENE DUNCAN drink with coffee to the day when they will join their husbands in São Paulo.

wood here and I want to try my hand at it. So long now, and write soon.

Chuck

Editor's Note: The above letter from Charles E. (Chuck) Larimer was written to his mother, Mrs. Brady H. Larimer, who kindly gave us permission to publish it.

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